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J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Professional Cards.

OSKALOOSA LODGE, No. 14.
A. F. & A. M.
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A RECORD OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE INDEPENDENT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Massacre at Wyoming," "Alvarez, the Martyr," "George Welding,"

"The Rival Hunters," etc., etc.

Chapter XIII.

WARNER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Once more I found myself alone in the darkness of night. Though its always busy but more so when there are none present to hold communion with, and the mind turns inward for that which must employ its powers and entertain its fancies. Alone with thought! How few seem to be satisfied with themselves at such an hour; and certainly my own reflections were not the most agreeable then, though, I thank Heaven, they were not darkened by a sense of guilt.

I was a fugitive without having committed any crime. I was pursued with relentless perseverance and hate, without having given any cause for the enmity and malice which hunted me down. With a conscious sense of a desire to do right, I was yet afraid of the face of man; and driven from the protection and society of my own kind, I had been forced to seek aid and shelter from those who are a reproach among men, the outcasts of the earth.

And now under cover of darkness I was fleeing from those who ought to have been my friends, and fearful lest the light of day shine upon my face in the presence of my own race! How passing strange the vicissitudes of life! How passing strange the checked scenes which time records as its onward stream glides swiftly to eternity.

But it would be a useless task for me to attempt a portrayal of my feelings during the eventful days of my passage through this period of deep trial and great peril. Sometimes a feeling of bitterness would rise up in my breast; at others patience almost ceased to be a virtue or a Christian grace in my heart, and I felt something of the force of Burns' expression:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

But a trace to these moralizings. You can better imagine than I describe what must have been my thought-experience during the nights and days of my exile from men; and so I will proceed with the narration of events which, I doubt not, will be of more absorbing interest to you.

I made very good progress during the night, and when morning dawned I found myself yet in a rural district of country, apparently away from any of the leading public thoroughfares. I felt safer than if a city or village had been at hand. But I still feared to trust myself among white men, and after remaining concealed until the after part of the day. I went to the quarters of the slaves on a plantation, hoping to find again the welcome and aid I had received the previous day.

As I neared the open door of the nearest cabin, I was startled to behold a white woman before me. Had her eyes been upon me, she must have observed my confusion, for I was so taken aback by this suddenly and unexpectedly meeting, face to face one of the very persons I had sought to shun, that I am sure my countenance must have depicted my consternation. But I quickly recovered self-possession, and at once thought of retreating before I should be discovered, for as yet the occupant of the hut had not looked up from the work which engaged her attention. This thought, however, had

not matured into a purpose, before the woman lifted her eyes, and I was discovered. It was now her turn to start with surprise. I saw she was alarmed, and instantly assured her that she had nothing to fear from me—that I was there to ask a favor, not to cause distress or uneasiness.

"Then you are welcome," she said, as she advanced to extend the hospitalities of the place, which she did with grace and polite gentility, showing that she had been accustomed to the usages of good society. But as she neared the door, and the light fell more fully upon her face I discovered that she had a slight tinge of African blood in her veins, and then I understood her situation. She was a slave, though fair and handsome, I might say beautiful.

"Without being guilty of any crime," I said to her, "I am hunted after by enemies who desire my life, and I am here to ask protection and a little food at your hands."

"You are not a slave?" she replied inquiringly. "No, no, I see you are not."

"No, I am not; but those who enslave you are seeking for me, and I would avoid them."

"You are most welcome, sir, to all that I can do for you. I know what it is to suffer from man's injustice and cruelty."

And as she said this there was an expression of pain and sadness on her face, which did not immediately pass away. I instinctively felt that she must have suffered some great wrong, and wished to know more of her history, but delicacy forbade any inquiries which might lead to the reopening of wounds not yet healed; and so I informed her of my situation, asked for a little bread, and a place to retreat to until the friendly shadows of night should again permit me to journey onward.

"I have but little," she replied, "but such as it is, I give freely."

In a brief time she set before me a good dinner of plain food. I asked her if there was any danger of white visitors interrupting me, during the remainder of the day. She thought not, but would keep a careful watch, and give timely warning if any person should approach who was not to be trusted, so that I could conceal myself until the danger was passed. I both felt and expressed my thanks for this kindness.

While partaking, gratefully, of the cheer set before me, I noticed my hostess somewhat carefully, and soon discovered the marked traces of care, sorrow and suffering upon her features. I felt that she must have passed through some tribulations; and her uncommon good looks led me to fear that no ordinary record of events made up the history of her life. I thought her eyes were occasionally dimmed with tears; but whatever her feelings she managed to master them so as not to give outward manifestation of inward emotions, except now and then a deep drawn breath terminating in a sigh.

I was deeply affected by these mute signs of a hidden grief, and became very desirous to know the facts in her past life, but could not well introduce the subject. However, during the afternoon, she opened the way herself by saying:

"You doubtless think strangely of my agitation, but your coming has freshly awakened memories which had better be buried forever."

I was surprised to hear such correct language from a slave. Indeed, I may say that she was often eloquent and elegant in the use of words. She replied: "I have observed enough to awaken a strong sympathy in your behalf; I am sure a great affliction must have marked your past life; but I do not wish to open healing wounds afresh, and therefore refrain from expressing the desires I feel to know what suffering has left such legible marks upon your brow."

"I understand your feelings, and it is a consciousness that at last I have met one who has a real feeling of humanity for me that affects me, and unasked I will confide in you, for I know that in speaking of what I have suffered to you, I shall not be casting pearls before swine," as is too frequently the case in a country where slaves are supposed to have no feelings that men are bound to respect."

She then proceeded with her story, which I very much condense, as follows:

"I was born in Kentucky. My master was my father. My mother was a quadroon, very fair and beautiful, and as my master was a widower, she lived with him as his wife, and was mistress of his house. I was well educated, and brought up in every luxury. My master repeatedly declared his intention of liberating us. He loved my mother truly, I believe. He said he would remove to some country where we would both be free, when he would acknowledge us as wife and child. This I think was his honest purpose; and oh, how I longed for that day!"

But one day he went as was his custom once a week, to the county town. While there a difficulty arose between him and an old enemy, and each resorted to weapons. That night he was brought home a corpse!

"I shall never forget the scenes which followed. My mother had the body taken into the parlor, and all night long she hung upon it, with her arms about its neck, groaning and weeping in agony and despair. She felt the full force of the blow, and knew more than I did of the horrors which would follow; for I was but fifteen years old then. I wept, too; for I had some knowledge and a stronger presentiment of the fearful blow which had fallen upon us; and a hundred times during the silence and darkness of that dreadful night, did my mother and I kiss the cold lips and brow and cheeks of the dead! I think my mother never smiled afterwards."

"When morning came, and the relatives arrived, we, of course, being only servants, were put away from the dead, except as some assistance was demanded of us; and in the kitchen we poured out our unavailing grief, where none but God could see."

"When the grave closed over my master it buried all our hopes of freedom. The heirs hated us, for they knew how high we had stood in our master's favor, and they took delight in persecuting us. My mother's spirits were broken, not so much on her own account, as for me, for she saw at a glance the dark destiny before me; and the contrast was so great from that which her master's promises had led her confidently to hope, that she could not endure the thought; but for my sake she bore up."

"I was just old enough to begin to realize what life is, but not fully to understand all the perils which were around me; for, expecting a different fate for me, my mother had not instructed me in these things. Now she felt it her duty to inform me to the utmost; and my heart sickened as the dark revelations were unfolded. I had to request her to stop—the sudden shock was too much and I needed rest to recover from it. At last I knew all. But oh, my God, I had not felt it yet!"

"In about one year we learned indirectly that it was seriously contemplated to sell us, our new master having become involved and being in sore need of money. He had treated us as he did his other slaves, neither kindly nor cruelly, but carelessly, so that we had little to complain of, and much to dread

in a change. We went to him to implore compassion and prevail upon him not to sell us. He was not a hard-hearted man, and our tears moved him to such an extent that he promised to keep us if he could. This was some consolation."

"But slaves have no permanent source of comfort; and when, as in my case, they are educated, life is almost a constant burden. Oh, it is terrible!" She buried her face in her hands as she spoke, and her whole frame shook with the intensity of the agony which filled her breast.

"I soon found that the boon we had craved was secured at a great price. While at the house of our master—which we seldom visited, having our lot with the other slaves in the quarters, where my mother tried to keep me concealed as much as possible—his eldest son, a youth about two years older than myself, saw me for the first time, and it was not long until he gave me a call. You doubtless know that young masters never visit their handsome slaves of the other sex with pure motives; and this great truth I now had to learn from bitter experience. The young man was kind to me, and seemed anxious to win my regards; but I steadily repulsed all his advances, determined to save myself, if possible, from the fate which I dreaded a thousand-fold more than death. For a year I baffled all his advances, though he failed not to make me most magnificent promises; for I had firmly resolved that I would die sooner than be dishonored, slave as I was, and at the mercy of my master."

"I was handsome then, and if I had not been a slave, I think the young man would have proposed marriage to me; for I really think he loved me. I prayed that my beauty might be taken away—I wished in my heart that I were ugly, that these dangers might be avoided. But it could not be so, and I was all the time exposed to the dire misfortunes which threatened me at every moment. If my young master should resort to force, as masters very often do, I had but one escape, the grave, and there I would find an asylum from persecution. My mind was unbendingly wrought up to this point."

"At the end of the second year our master's need of money became so great that some of his slaves would have to go. We were less profitable to him, but would bring him the most money, for reasons well known in slave-holding circles; for my mother was yet very handsome, and we would command at most fabulous prices. Again we pleaded with our master; but this time he could give us no satisfactory answer, and we felt that the sad hour had come when we should be 'sold down south,' which is the next thing to death to a slave. Our distress was great; for we expected to be separated if sold, and to this fate we could not bring ourselves to think without the most abandoned grief. We had been all-in-all to each other, and to be torn asunder, was more than flesh seemed able to bear. But we were powerless as the most helpless infant; for the giant Slavery had his iron grasp upon us, and in his fetters we were bound, as with chains stronger than walls of adamant. Oh, it is awful for one human being to be so completely and entirely in the power and at the mercy of another. God pity us for men seldom does!"

"And now came the hour of deepest, darkest trial. Young master came to me with fine promises. We should not be sold, but should remain inseparable on the place as long as he lived. He would immediately interpose to save us from sale. I shuddered and shrank back from the tempter, who was almost as artful as Satan in Eden, and pictured out the horrors from which we should escape, as well as the blessings we should secure; and told me I would unquestionably meet the fate from which I desired to escape, and suffer at the hands of some one who would not love me as he did."

"If ever any poor soul was tossed about on the waves of doubt in tribulation, it was me, at that time. I could save my mother by sacrificing myself. This was the all-absorbing thought which made me hesitate for a moment. For her I felt willing to do any thing. But in the midst of my sore distress, I bethought me that it would be best

to consult my parent. I did so. She adjured me to hold fast my integrity at every hazard—that God might yet make a way for my escape—that for herself, her days would soon be numbered at any rate, and if we were sold apart she should fall under the stroke—this she knew; and I must not move a hair's breadth for her sake. I stood firm."

"You will regret this decision," said my young master. 'I am sorry for you; but I will prove the truth of my attachment for you by avoiding all compulsion. You shall do as you please; but I am sure you had better save yourself and your mother from the dreadful fate that is in store for you down south.'

"I can do any thing but commit a voluntary sin, which shall ruin me forever."

"Why, you are only a slave at best; and your condition will be bettered by remaining here."

"Only a slave! What a fearful truth! The words burned into my very soul! Do as I might I was yet only a slave! Let me strive never so hard to be what God designs and requires of every human being, and after all I was only a slave! You cannot feel this, sir, as we do, who are in the vice-like grip of this monster system of oppression."

"I felt the truth of this remark, and began to see the system of Slavery as I had never before looked upon it. What a mighty engine! How with more than the force and strength of prison doors and bolts it enchains its victims! And how innocence in the hands of wicked men must writhe in torture and be consumed on the altar of hellish passions. God pity the poor slave in his condition! Will, I doubt not; seem strange language coming from me to you, who have always lived in the midst of slaves; but if you had been in my situation, and heard the story of this woman as I did, I am sure, my dear Evangeline, you could have had no other feelings than those which I experienced. She proceeded:

"I replied: 'What you say is true. God permits me to be a slave, and I cannot help myself in this respect; but God did not make me a sinner. I can be a slave without committing a crime.' 'He blushed, for he felt the rebuke my words implied, though I had not spoken with the idea of conveying such a feeling."

"I am sorry we cannot see alike," he said; "for I should like to be your friend."

"You can be my friend if you will. A word from you might save us." "It is true I might prevent your sale if I were to set about the work determinedly; though it would require much labor to change my father's purpose. But I am afraid to do so."

"'Afraid!' I said in some surprise. 'Yes, afraid—afraid to trust myself, I fear your continued presence would tempt me to exercise authority over you, and this I avoid. I should be constrained to marry, and then I should fear jealousy on the part of my wife. If you were mine I should not marry. So you perceive my own frailty compels me to let matters take their course.'"

"I thanked him for his frankness, and prayed Heaven to bless him for his forbearance. I assure you there are few like him. It was thus we parted. 'I still hoped that some good fortune would save us from going south; but the hopes of the slave are all founded on sand.'"

"To BE CONTINUED."

"People live uncommon long at Brighton. There are two men there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them."

A sermon for the time is contained in the text: "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without tears.

To have tarts for tea—let your wife see you kissing the waiting maid—Sure thing!

Miscellaneous.

COMPARATIVE COST OF THE WAR.—Senator Dixon, in a speech at Hartford, compared the expenses of this war with those of England in her wars with Napoleon. He estimated that with less than eighteen millions of people, she spent for thirteen years an average of \$1,300,000 per day, while for three months before the battle of Waterloo she spent two millions per day. The money paid out by England was expended to a great extent upon the continent, much of it going in the shape of subsidies to other powers, and thus being lost to the British people. Our expenditures fall far below those of England at that time, and but a trifling fraction goes out of the country.

COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—The following extract from his life, is exceedingly curious, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation:

After some years delay, William appears to have become desperate; and if we may trust to the evidence of the Chronicle of Ingelby, in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, as he called her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis—for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with woman has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying into space.

Do not shrink from standing by your principles. Remember under such circumstances, that it is in doing right as it is in taking a bath. Every boy knows that if you go into a bath by the inch you will shiver all the way; whereas, if you dive in, and take it all at once, a glowing reaction will immediately be produced, and you will come up warm enough. And so in respect to doing right in company. Take your stand firmly and at once, and hold on a little while and that will be the end of it. But if you tamper with evil, and half hide and half reveal your horror of it, there will be a hard struggle spread over a long period, and you will be swamped in the end.

"What ails your eye Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

The girls say that the times are so hard that the young men cannot pay their addresses.

Eating one's meat with a silver fork while the butcher's bill has not been paid, is called gentility.

One rose upon a bush, though but a little one, and though not yet blown, proves that which bears it, to be a true rose tree.

A Wao, travelling on the Mississippi entered an eating house in St. Louis, and called for a beef steak. The waiter in due time brought a diminutive piece of the desired article and sat it before the guest, who stuck his fork in it, and after a critical examination of the sample, exclaimed: "Yes, that is it, bring me some!"

It may perhaps be thought difficult to decide which is the most destructive—the mortar in the battle field or the mortar in the drug store.

The death-knell is the grandest thing in the world. It makes the dark past an arch of triumph into a radiant future.

The people of London, who boast of living in a realm upon which the sun never sets, live in a city in which it never shines.